

520

Hugh Robert
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GALAR-GAN

YN GOSOD ALLAN AM Y

DDAMWAIN DORCALONUS

A GYMERODD LE YN

SUNDERLAND,

Swydd Durham, Gogledd Lloegr, prydawn DYDD SADWRN, MEHEFIN 17eg, 1883. Darfu i tua 2,000 o bobl ymgrynhoi i'r Victoria Hall, yn y dref uchod, i weled a chlywed rhyw ddihyrod a ddaethant yno i gyflawni gweithredoedd y diafol (*conjuring tricks*). Ar derfyniad y *performance*, galwyd ar y plant oeddynt ar y gronglwyd nchaf o'r neuadd i lawr i dderbyn rhyw deganau bychain fel gwobrwyon, a darfu iddynt frysio i lawr; ond, yn anffodus, bolltwyd y drws oedd yn arwain allan ar waelod y grisiau, yr hyn a achosodd wasgfa ofnadwy. Canlynodd ymdrechfa echrydus—y plant yn damsang eu gilydd i farwolaeth, ac yn cwmpo un ar y llall, nes colodd dim llai na 191 ohonynt eu bywydau.

GYMRY anwyl, clywch ar hanes—
Rhoddwyd prudd-der i bob un ;
'R'ym yn magu plant yn anwyl
Ar ein bronau a'n dwy glin ;
Duw a wŷr yr holl am danom—
Pa un a gawn eu dwyn i'r lan ;
Fe sy'n myn'd â'r bywyd ymaith,
Fe sy'n rhoddi ar ein rhan.

Magu plant o bump i ddeuddeg,
'Rheiny'n anwyl ac yn llon ;
Colli wnaethant eu bywydau
Yn y ddamwain erchyll hon ;

A'n rhieni sy'n galaru,
 A'u calonau yn hollti'n nghyd—
 Gwei'd hwy'n myn'd o'r tŷ mor llawen,
 A chyn pen awr yn myn'd o'r byd.

'Roedd rieni'r plant yn feius
 Gadsel hwy i fyn'd i'r lle,
 Gweled gweithrediau'r diafol—
 Llwy'r anghofio Brenin Ne';
 B'le 'roedd holl athrawon ysgol?
 Dylsent fod yn gwneyd eu rhan;
 Pan y follt a ga'dd ei thvnu
 Y cryfaf yno drechai'r gwan.

'Roedd y plant mewn 'stafell uchel—
 Gronglwyd nesaf at y nen,
 Pan yn cael eu gwobrau bychain,
 Eu bywyd brau a ddaeth i ben;
 Rhuthro'r oeddynt am y cyntaf
 Lawr i'r grisiau heb wahardd,
 Collodd eant a phedwar ugain
 Un-ar-ddeg eu bywyd hardd.

Drws oedd yno'n anfolledig,
 Ac 'roedd yno ddyfnder mawr;
 Cwmpo wnaeth yr anwyliaid bychain
 Ar eu gilydd oll i lawr;
 Y rhai isaf a fogasant,
 Pwysai'r lleill 'n eu llethu 'r llawr;
 Caiff yr angenfil wnaeth y weithred
 Gosb 'nol cyfraith Prydain Fawr.

Thomas Wilson yno dystiodd
 Gwel'd yr adyn wrth y gwaith;
 Yn lle rhoddi'r gwobrau iddynt,
 Eu hyrddio i drag'wyddoldeb wnaeth;
 Arglwydd tirion fyddo'n nodded
 Fw perth'nasau nos a dydd;
 Nid oes gobaith mwy eu gweled
 'Rochr hyn i'r gwely pridd.

The Shocking Catastrophe AT SUNDERLAND.

191 CHILDREN KILLED.

A terrible accident occurred at the Victoria Hall, Sunderland, on Saturday, June 17th, 1883. Whilst some hundreds of children were coming down from a gallery anxious to receive the prizes that had been promised them at the termination of the performance, the door at the bottom of the staircase got fixed, and the result was that 191 children were suffocated and crushed to death.

COME, listen to me while I tell you a tale
Of children whose parents their fate does bewail ;
To Lay's grand performance they went blythe and gay,
Now see them, beloved ones, in Death's arms they lay,
Those dear little children so joyous and free,
For a penny they went that amusement to see ;
It was over—they cried in joyous delight,
“And mother I'll tell we've been happy to-night.”

Those dear little children that evening cried
For mothers and fathers—together they died ;
Crushed to death, they altogether have gone,
How many poor parents for children now mourn.

The performance was over, then each little dear
A prize to receive, “I quickly will be there.”
They hurried and struggled to that fatal door,
In death's arms they fell to, alas, rise no more.

The crushing was awful, O ! God, what a sight,
 Some cried " Mother save me ! " that Saturday night ;
 Those dear little victims in death there they fell ;
 It makes one's heart bleed such a story to tell.

When Graham he saw them, he quickly did cry,
 " Go, get me assistance "—to save them he tried ;
 But alas ! they had gone to a far better shore,
 In life their fond parents they'll never see more.
 Dead and mangled their bodies he found,
 So gently he laid side by side on the ground,
 While tears were streaming, his face running down—
 Your loss, darling children, will be felt all around.

O God ! what a sight it was we witnessed there,
 See mothers and fathers in grief and despair ;
 " O ! tell me," they cried, " I am frantic and wild—
 Have you saved my own darling—my dear little child."
 I fancy I see now amongst that little band
 Those two little girls lying dead hand-in-hand ;
 In life their poor mother they'll never more see,
 She is left to deplore them in great misery.

Hear that father cry " I have found her !—that's one,"
 And a little time after, " Another has gone,"
 While in anguish he was to another one led,
 " God help me," he cried, " my three children are
 dead."

Such a terrible tale may we never hear more—
 Those poor little children whom hundreds deplore ;
 " May their souls rest in glory," all mothers will cry,
 " Who at Sunderland such a sad death did die."